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## TIME TABLE

Effective Sept. 9, 1928

	Daily	Daily	Sun.
	A. M.	ex. Sun. only	P. M.
Island Pond	5:15	2:05	2:50
Berlin	7:05	3:43	4:28
7th St.	7:44	4:20	5:05
Allen (W. Bethel)	7:54	4:30	5:15
BETHEL	8:01	4:42	5:27
Locke's Mills	8:10	4:52	5:37
Bryant's Pond	8:19	5:09	5:44
Dates (W. Paris)	8:35	5:12	5:55
South Paris	8:55	5:28	6:12
Danville Jct.	10:05	6:48	6:50
Portland	11:05	7:05	7:50

	Daily	Sun.	Daily
	ex. Sun. only	A. M.	P. M.
Portland	7:20	7:20	5:25
Danville Jct.	8:41	8:41	6:30
South Paris	8:55	8:55	7:12
Dates (W. Paris)	9:20	9:10	7:42
Bryant's Pond	9:36	9:24	8:04
Locke's Mills	9:42	9:30	8:11
BETHEL	9:51	9:33	8:23
Allen (W. Bethel)	10:01	9:46	8:31
Gilead	10:14	9:59	8:45
Berlin	11:05	10:41	9:31
Island Pond	12:05	12:30	11:25

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1—Miss Bobby Trout of Los Angeles who made three new records for women aviators. 2—President-Elect and Mrs. Hoover reviewing Boy Scout troops at Miami Beach where Mr. Hoover was made a tenderfoot scout. 3—V. M. Douk of West Virginia, vice president of the Railway Trainmen, who may be Hoover's secretary of labor.

## NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

**Engagement of Anne Morrow and Lindbergh—Doings of Congress.**

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

**JUST** as he was landing at Havana on his return flight from the Canal Zone, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's engagement to Miss Anne Spencer Morrow was announced by the young lady's father, Dwight W. Morrow, ambassador to Mexico. The colonel declined to talk about it to the reporters. It was understood in Mexico City that he would fly there late this month and that, though no plans had been made for the wedding, it might take place this spring. Anne is twenty-two years old and vivaciously pretty. She is a graduate of the Chapin school in New York and of Smith college, and while in school showed ability to write quite good poetry. When Colonel Lindbergh was in Mexico City as the guest of Ambassador Morrow he took Anne for several short flights, but her sister Elizabeth also was his passenger, and the gossip reporters were uncertain then as to which one might become his fiancée.

Colonel Lindbergh had no sooner landed at Miami from his Central American trip than he started out again on two rescue flights. The first was over the Florida keys in search of a plane from which two persons were taken by a ferry boat after it was forced down; the second was made to try to find Pilot Harry Rogers, who had gone in search of the first plane and was himself missing for a time. Concerning the Panama mail route he had just inaugurated, he said:

"There is not a great deal to be done before daily service can be inaugurated between Miami and Panama. Better facilities for communication are being installed and other facilities to aid flying are being put into condition to augment the service."

As to passenger traffic between the North and South Americas, Colonel Lindbergh said it was not planned to haul passengers "until the most minute details of transportation and communication have been worked out."

**THERE** is now no doubt that Hoover and Curtis were elected President and Vice President of the United States last November. Congress in joint session last week received and counted the electoral vote and Vice President Dawes announced that the tally sheets showed the Republican nominees had received 414 electoral votes and the Democratic nominees 87. Thereupon he formally declared Hoover and Curtis elected. These proceedings were supposed to be solemn and stately and the Vice President had requested that there be no applause or other manifestation of approval or disapproval, but the senators and representatives soon broke loose and indulged in gales of laughter and vociferous applause, enjoying especially the confusion and mistakes of some of the tellers and declining to be subdued by General Dawes' gavel-battering.

**PRESIDENT COOLIDGE** feels that the major work of his administration is ended and already is packing up his belongings for return to his home in Northampton, Mass., where he probably will reside for at least a year. He and Mrs. Coolidge expect to leave the White House after the noon of March 4, immediately after the inaugural ceremonies, and because of the illness of Mrs. Coolidge's mother they will lose no time in starting northward.

On Wednesday the President signed the bill for the building of fifteen cruisers and one airplane carrier and approved the appropriation of funds to begin the construction of these vessels at once.

Naval officials and adequate navy advocates in congress hailed the approval of the bill with enthusiasm. Secretary of the Navy Willard expressed gratification. In his opinion, the construction of the fifteen cru-

ers marks the beginning of a wholesale replacement program which will result in the modernization of the fleet and eventually in an American navy second to none.

Representative Fred A. Britten, chairman of the house naval committee, said his committee will begin new hearings next fall to determine how many more ships should be authorized as replacements for the rapidly aging battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines in the battle and scouting fleets.

**PRESIDENT-ELECT HOOVER** had been expected to remain in Florida until a day or two before the inauguration, but last Wednesday he announced that he had a lot of work to complete in Washington in preparation for the new administration, and therefore would leave Miami for the national capital on February 18 or 19. The latter part of the week was devoted to a trip of inspection through the flood and reclamation district of central Florida. The Edison birthday party at Fort Myers on Monday was a great success and was much enjoyed by Mr. Hoover; but the weather was too blustery for good fishing on the west coast.

Secretary of Agriculture Jardine removed himself from the Hoover cabinet possibilities by the announcement that he had accepted a position as counsel for the Federated Fruit and Vegetable Growers, with his offices in Washington.

**CONGRESS** was asked by the President to appropriate \$9,210,500 for the construction of new public buildings in 32 cities scattered throughout the country. This is the amount needed to meet building costs during the first year. The projects which completed would represent an outlay of \$16,700,500. Mr. Coolidge also approved budget bureau estimates for the expenditure of \$48,000 to remodel and furnish the weather bureau station at Mount Weather, Va., as a summer home for Presidents, this plan being in accord with his suggestion made last fall. Mount Weather, near Bluemont, Va., and about 60 miles from Washington, is an 84-acre tract, high in the Blue Ridge mountains, on which the weather bureau, until a few years ago, conducted some of its most important observations.

**INTERNATIONAL** experts selected to consider the matter of German reparations began on Monday in Paris the conference that is expected to result in a revision of the Dawes plan, the fixing of the total sum Germany must pay and the subsequent evacuation of the Rhineland by the allies. Owen D. Young, one of the unofficial American delegates, was the main man chosen for chairman, and after the necessary ceremonies he lost no time in settling the commission to work. Germany had its findings first and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the reichsbank, presented his country's case in a way that seemed to make an excellent effect on all the delegates except the French. He was moderate and made no specific demands but insisted Germany cannot continue to pay the annuities of two and a half billion gold marks provided for by the Dawes plan. He was questioned closely about the tax burdens of Germany, which the allies asserted are less than their own. He offered to prove that this was not true, Doctor Schacht and his associates continued through several days. Correspondents said it was becoming apparent that the French and German points of view were not so divergent as was feared and that the success of the conference seemed assured.

**THIS** is the most severe winter Europe has experienced for many scores of years, and the suffering throughout the entire continent is most grievous. Extremely cold weather, deep snowfalls, ice and furious storms prevail. Many human beings have perished, and the loss of live stock is tremendous. Transportation is disorganized in many regions and towns are suffering for food and fuel. Harrowing stories of death and suffering come especially from central Europe.

**HAVING** given Gen. Bramwell Booth his chance to be heard, as ordered by the English courts, the high council of the Salvation Army

again voted to depose him as commanding general, and then elected Commissioner Edward John Higgins to succeed him. The final count was 42 votes for Higgins and 17 for Evangelist Booth, head of the Army in America.

General Higgins has been chief of staff since 1919. He was born at Highbridge in Somerset and educated at Doctor Morgan's school at Bridgewater, Somerset.

**LEON TROTSKY**, with his wife and two children, was taken to Constantinople on a Soviet steamship, secretly landed and confined closely in the Russian embassy. It was said the authorities feared he might be attacked by "white" Russian refugees that are numerous there. The campaign against Trotsky sympathizers in Russia continues, the latest incident reported being the closing of the Kronstadt naval academy and the expulsion of its 3,700 students. Twenty of their leaders were arrested as Trotskyites. A Leningrad paper says the Soviet war commissariat discovered a lack of loyalty among the students, who are openly discussing the possibility of a new Napoleon appearing in Russia to save the country from the hands of the Communists.

**REV. DR. E. S. SHUMAKER**, superintendent of the Indiana Anti-Saloon league, is now milking cows and cleaning their stalls on the state penal farm at Putnamville. He suddenly abandoned his long fight against the saloon and the liquor traffic after the sentence of sixty days on the farm for contempt of the Indiana Supreme court, and began serving his term. Shumaker was cited for contempt in 1926 by Arthur L. Gilliam, then attorney general, following his criticism of members of the State Supreme court in the American Issue, the Anti-Saloon league publication. He was found guilty by a Supreme court vote of three to two.

**MISS BOBBY TROUT** went up in the air over Los Angeles and regained the laurels taken from her by Miss Eleanor Smith of New York. Bobby not only established a new endurance record for women aviators—17 hours 5 minutes 37 seconds—but also captured the women's night flying and distance records. Bobby is twenty-three years old and flies a Golden Eagle monoplane.

**PRESIDENT PORTER GIL**, of Mexico narrowly escaped death last week when his train was blown up by dynamite in the state of Guanajuato. The explosive had been placed on the track at a point where it ran over a bridge. The fireman was killed instantly when the engine overturned, and two conductors were killed. Another bomb, unexploded, was found fixed to the track. The attempt at assassination followed closely on the execution of Jose Toral, who murdered General Obregon, and in official circles in Mexico City it was said to be the work of the League of Religious Defense. Several members of that organization were arrested near the scene of the explosion, and it was said a number of prominent persons would be taken into custody.

**MOST** notable of the week's deaths was that of Lily Langtry, Lady de Balth, who was for years the leading beauty of the English stage. She passed away at her home in Monte Carlo. The Jersey Lily, as she was known, was a good though not a great actress, and was also a clever theatrical manager. In the days when King Edward was the prince of Wales and her admiring friend she was prominent in English social affairs, and she was also well known in the United States.

**JOHN II**, prince of the little state of Liechtenstein and dean of ruling monarchs, died at a ripe old age and was succeeded by his brother.

**ROME** was en fete the beginning of the week because of the signing on Monday of the peace pact between the Vatican and the Italian state. There were imposing ceremonies, gay celebrations and exchanges of rich gifts and decorations. The general feeling throughout the world is that Premier Mussolini scored a great triumph in the negotiation of the treaty, settling an old and troublesome dispute with little expense to Italy.

## WEST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bennett were in Lewiston one day last week. Mrs. Estella Goodridge went to New Haven, Conn., Saturday, called there by the illness of Mrs. Joseph Maddocks. Miss Eloyee Vashaw spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. E. O. Robertson at Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Browne of Auburn, spent Sunday with her father, N. M. Scribner.

Miss Madlyn Bell of South Paris spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Abbott of Auburn were Sunday guests of relatives in town.

Eugene Andrews of Norway spent Sunday with Evander Whitman and family. George Bennett has finished work in Grafton and is staying in town.

Miss Helen Harta is boarding with Mrs. Carroll Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Head spent Sunday in Andover, the guests of her parents.

Charles McInnis of Milan, spent the week end at his home here.

The ones who have been ill with the flu are convalescing rapidly.

## IT WAS HOME

The evening board was spotless clean. The floor was worn and gray.

The chairs were shaved from woodland trees.

By grandpa, bent by labor's day.

Two stalwart lads sat by the fire, A red-checked lass was bustling tea, The dais was sprinkled some with flour, Making biscuits for her man and me.

This was in the shadow of a hill, A winter night when I did roam, The scene to you might not appeal, But it was fair and it was home.

—Geo. A. Tirrell

## SCHOOL NOTES

(Continued from page 1)

**LOCKE'S MILLS SCHOOL NOTES**  
 The pupils receiving an average of 90% in both Arithmetic and Spelling for the week ending Feb. 15, are as follows:

Grade 8—Lawrence Crockett, Ruby Day, Jennie Norton, Wendell Roberts, Warren Scholl, Gwendolyn Swan, Louisa Swan, Flora Swan, Stevens Thomas and Helena Velguskey.

Grade 7—Barbara Bennett, Leroy Day, Edgar Morgan, Elizabeth Morgan, Florence Roberts, Keith Ring, Carl Swan, Avis Salls, and Charles Sweetser.

Grade 6—Beryl Mason, Glenwood Newell, Herbert Scholl and Myrtle Scholl.

Grade 5—Yvonne Kimball, Evelyn Kimball, Louise Kimball, Harold Maxim and Gordon Roberts.

Grade 4—Robert Day, Stanley Morgan, Catherine Scholl, Clover Swan. Grade 3—Bryant Bean, Margaret Coolidge, Ralph Corkum, Edith Cross, Robert Kennison, Lee Roberts, Keene Swan, Stanwood Sweetser.

Grade 2—Edith Mason, Clementine Morgan, Anne Ring, Rita Salls, Claire Tebbets, John Tebbets, Mortor Sweetser, Theodore Cummings.

**HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?**

**QUESTIONS**

1. What type and make of motor did Lindbergh use on his trans-Atlantic flight?
2. What letter in our alphabet is the first letter in the most words?
3. Who was the first president to be chosen by the House of Representatives?
4. The olfactory nerve is the shortest nerve in the body. It supplies the organ of what?
5. For what period of time do the cabinet members hold office?
6. What two kinds of energy exist?
7. Who started the sports system?
8. What railroad has the shortest mileage?
9. Which state is called the Evergreen state?
10. What common word is a contraction of the sentence "God be with you?"
11. What son of an ex-president of the U. S. was killed in the World War?
12. How often are new names added to the Hall of Fame?

## ANSWERS

1. In the bay of Whales.
2. Second.
3. Panama Canal.
4. King Thab.
5. By the rules of the game.
6. Governor's Island in New York Harbor.
7. Original unlawful sellers of liquor carried their stock in flat bottles in their boot tops.
8. Rome.
9. The larynx (legend that a piece of apple given Adam stuck in his throat).
10. Make a fool of them, cheat them.
11. Alabama.
12. 1912.

## WEST PARIS

D. H. Fifield is recovering from a very severe hemorrhage from the nose which he suffered early Saturday morning. The local doctor was away and a physician was summoned from South Paris. Mr. Fifield is still weak from loss of blood.

Mrs. Hilda Helkkinen has been visiting her daughter, Milne, at R. T. Flavin's.

Mrs. Earle LaBay of South Paris was the guest Monday of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Barden. Her twin sons, Gordon and Robert, who had been with their grandparents while Mrs. LaBay was visiting her sister, Mrs. Alice Welcome at Waltham, returned home with her Tuesday morning.

Dr. Edwin Kay has recovered from his recent illness sufficiently to spend a few days of his convalescence with his parents in Canada.

Mrs. Lesmore Carrier of Bethel is the guest of her sister, Mrs. O. F. Barden.

Mrs. Perham has been at Augusta for several days with her husband, Representative H. C. Perham. They planned to attend the Governor's ball. Ruth Wilkinson is caring for the children during Mrs. Perham's absence.

Willard Farr is recovering from his recent operation, but will spend a short time with his brother before returning home.

Edwin R. Berry is recovering from an attack of the grippe.

Mrs. Frank Perham of Gorham, N. H., visited her daughter, Mrs. Ruth P. Emery, Tuesday. Mrs. Emery and little son Thomas returned home with her and spent the remainder of the week.

Mrs. Phila Mayhew has been ill for the past few days.

Mrs. Herman Barnett entertained her mother and grandmother, the Mesdames Thurlow of South Paris, Tuesday. Her sister, Miss Estella Thurlow, and Oscar Richardson of South Paris have also been recent guests at the Barnett home.

The Friendly Oliges met with Rev. Bennor B. Forbes Thursday afternoon. The report of the secretary showed many bits of sunshine, flowers, fruit, cards and other tokens sent to the sick and sorrowing. It was voted to hold a public St. Patrick's party on Thursday, March 14.

Mr. Riley of the South Paris Universalist church will exchange with Rev. E. B. Forbes on Sunday, Feb. 24. Mr. Riley is a very able and interesting speaker, and it is hoped that a good congregation will be present to welcome a stranger in our midst.

West Paris High basket ball teams played at Andover Thursday evening. The girls won the game but the boys were beaten.

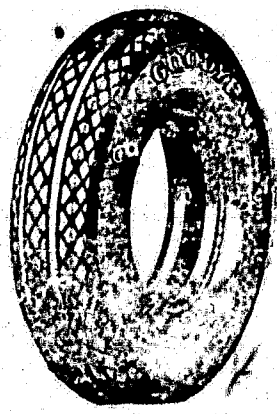
Simeon Farr was, at Portland last week to visit his father, Will Farr, at St. Barnabas.

## START YOUR CHOICES

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## Here's Why

1. Its sturdy carcass is made of Super twist which means fewer fabric failures, more and less tire changes on the road.
2. Its new design of tread gives the best traction and car control over all road conditions.
3. Its tenuous ability to grip the road gives the greatest possible degree of safety.
4. Increased area of road contact and added All Weather blocks insure slow, even tread wear and greater satisfaction to the user.

Well may poets Hawking, and fishermen meeting, with ships, the great gulf defeating them? Captured were the gloves, and ginger frankincense, and cinnamon, and were found they blooms.

Motley, in his United Netherlands, found very well, lived in former days comfortably with

**Central Service Station**  
 J. E. CHAPMAN, Prop.  
 BETHEL, MAINE



# Drugs and Geography



Loading Lighters at Zanzibar.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

NO BUSINESS reaches out into so many remote places of the world as does that of the pharmacist, a fact which will be remembered as demonstrated graphically during the World War when the commerce of the world was disrupted.

Consider as a typical case, anafetida gum. Much of it comes from the city of Herat in Afghanistan. Numerous citizens of Herat make their living by going down yearly midway between the mountains and the Persian desert, after the rains clothe the plains with verdure, there, with much back-bending, to incise the Ferula root. From the incisions comes a milky gum, which, dried, forms the anafetida of commerce.

Throughout history man has combed the out-of-the-way places for his drugs. It was the trade in drugs and spices which made Venice from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth century the most important commercially and the richest city in Europe, and it was the loss of this commerce which caused her rapid decadence and the passing of her riches and her glory.

The story of Venice is so essentially romantic that to mention commerce in connection with it seems out of drawing. Yet it was as merchants that the Venetians were famed. The traffic in spices and aromatic drugs began to assume vast proportions in the Middle Ages, as the people of Europe became educated to a hunger for the spicy flavors of the East. From India and China and Persia came not only silks and laces, but more important, spices and oils and drugs, and Venice was quick to realize the importance of having this commerce pass through her port.

The knowledge of medicine, used by the Moors and Arabs, which was brought back by the Crusaders, helped to educate the people of many lands to the uses of balsams and spices of the oriental markets. The embarkation point for Palestine was Venice. The Venetian merchant marine profited well by furnishing transport service, and during the Fourth Crusade, finding the Crusaders unable to pay their passage money, the Venetians forthwith enlisted them as soldiers in a war against their Christian neighbors, the Salatinians, and the Indians got off scot-free!

**Columbus Was After "Spices."**

The monopoly of Venice was resented, as is inevitable; her prosperity was envied. This is why all the explorers of that period sought a short ocean route to India. Columbus, it will be remembered, sought the "spices of the Indies" rather than a new land. So from the hour when, on May 20, 1492, Vasco da Gama fulfilled the ambition of his Portuguese sovereign, blazed a new trail in the uncharted deeps and sailed into Calicut, after rounding Cape of Good Hope, the commercial greatness of the Italian port was doomed.

When the news reached Venice that Portuguese caravans laden with spices had come into the harbor at Lisbon without the necessity of touching at Venice "the whole city was distressed and astounded," says the ancient chronicler, Prioli, in his diary. They had ample cause for worry, for they faced the inevitable.

How Venice warred on Portugal; of the later wars between Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch and English to assert supremacy in the spice and drug trade; of the long voyages with deck unloading of the crews by pirates by night; and by the often fatal and always horrible scourge of scurvy—these tales belong to the heroic age of the seas, and have furnished inspiration to many a poet and novelist.

Well may poets sing of Drake and Hawkins, and Giovanni, and the other famous meeting with their little galleons, the great galleys of Spain and defeating them! But the prizes they captured were galleons laden with cloves, and ginger, and pepper, and frankincense, and dragon's blood, and cinnamon, and when these cargoes were found they asked not for doubloons.

Motley, in his "History of the United Netherlands" emphasizes this point very well. "The world had lived in former ages," he says, "very comfortably without cloves." But in

the beginning of the Seventeenth century that odoriferous pistil had been the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate wars; of so much vituperation, negotiation, and intriguing, that the world's destiny seemed to have become almost dependent upon the growth of a particular gilly-flower. Out of its sweetness had grown such bitterness among nations as not torrents of blood could wash away.

## Aleppo a Shipping Point.

When Venice was distributing drugs and spices to the West, Aleppo, Syria, was the most important concentration point for the eastern goods, and it still helps to supply the druggists' shelves. Gum tragacanth, used as a source of medicine in medicine and the arts—is one of the principal products sent from Aleppo today.

Concerning Aleppo there is some interesting correspondence in the records of the old English Muscovy company. Edwards, one of its factors, writing in 1600, said: "There are many Venetians . . . who buy gall, tallow, saffron, skins, cotton, wool . . . and also will serve us of all kinds of spices, we giving them sufficient warning to fetch it in the Indies and will deliver it to us in Shamaky."

And as there is nothing new under the sun, another factor tells about the light Russian oil which now, when it is refined, we prize so highly as a medicine: "There is a great river," he wrote, "which falleth into the Caspian sea by a town called Baku whereunto which is a strange thing to behold. For there issueth out of the ground a large quantity of oil, which all they fetch from the uttermost bounds of all Persia, it serveth all the country to burn in their houses. This oil is black and is called nyfte. There is also by the said town of Baku another kind of oil which is white and very precious; it is supposed to be the same that is here called petroleum." Today men are competing for that oil as in his day they fought for cloves!

Campfire, which is important not only in medicine but in the arts and manufactures, was an example of efficient production and control of output. After the Japanese-Chinese war Japan obtained control of the Formosa camphor industry. Although the Formosa forests are practically inexhaustible, forestry measures were instituted for replanting and care of trees; 20000 police were furnished to protect workers and large refining plants were built. Workers were paid a fixed sum. The distribution of the entire product was let by contract and the right of sale awarded an English firm, the latter contracting to conduct the sale of camphor in New York, London, Hamburg and Hong Kong, and to accept from Japan a definite amount of camphor each year. Today a growing part of the camphor used in the West is being made in western laboratories.

**Batavia's Days of Glory.**

Batavia, as of old, is still a great export center for the spice and drug trade, as it was when it was fortified as the capital of the "Spice Islands," and was known as the "Queen of the East." In those days, when every sea voyage was a perilous undertaking, it was only natural that a wartime community should assemble in such a place. And so picturesque soldiers of fortune and adventurers from all parts of the world gathered about its canals and in its white walls, besides Dutch and Indonesian, many Germans, Portuguese, French, Chinese and Malays. One of course, being a Dutch city, it was interested by canals, and being a rich community, it was fortified.

With its picturesque and adventurous population, its quaint architecture, its harbor, and its gleaming snow-white buildings outstanding like a fairy castle in the glare of the tropical sun against the turquoise ocean, it was a dream city of the departed days of piracy and buccannery. A garrison of a thousand men was there in the Seventeenth century, and an equal number to guard the Dutch monopoly of the cinnamon trade in Ceylon. Today the old fortifications have crumbled; the old city proper is no more.

## Maine Weekly Industrial Review

Boothbay Harbor—New store building practically completed at head of wharf.

Portland—Construction of \$55,000 St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church will be started here in near future.

Brunswick—Five large foldspar companies, including Maine Foldspar Company of this city, have formed \$6,000,000 combination.

Port Kent—Plans discussed for proposed bridge across St. John River between here and Olds, New Brunswick. Boothbay Harbor—Banking quarters of Augusta-Trust Company improved.

Portland—Site for establishment of public landing under discussion in this city.

Boothbay Harbor—Seven-story log business building rapidly nearing completion.

Gardiner—R. P. Hazard shoe factory increasing production 100 pairs daily for three months to supply order of Army Department.

Lubec—Improvements made to mail delivery in this place.

Boothbay Harbor—Pierce & Hartung alter office and store.

R. J. Peacock Canning Company of Lubec purchase 600-acre tract in Jonesboro.

Lubec—Electric lights will be installed in South Lubec School shortly.

Brunswick—Odd Fellows property sold to Naugle Brothers for \$9,500.

Bangor—Farrar Furniture Company of this city purchase furniture business of P. J. Whitten Company, Pittsfield.

Gardiner—Percy B. Bailey Garage opened in former Parker's Livery Stable building.

Augusta—Badger-Rand Ice Company, capitalized at \$10,000, granted charter of incorporation.

Portland—\$4,000 warehouse will be built by N. T. Fox, Inc.

Bangor—Proposed bridge over Kennebec Stream will be constructed entirely of steel.

East Livermore—Residents of this of this place favor changing name to Livermore Falls.

Portland—Tower-Adams, Inc., open new paint store at 644 Congress St.

Augusta—Sixteen Maine water companies seek authority to consolidate in newly formed corporation of Maine State Water & Electric Companies.

Boothbay Harbor branch of the Augusta Trust Company may merge with Boothbay Savings Bank in near future.

For the last 10 years the annual fire loss in the United States has been only slightly less than \$500,000,000 a year. During this time almost \$5,000,000,000 in property values has been consumed by flames.

## SOUTH ALBANY

Mrs. Fred Scribner is sick with the flu at present writing.

Rev. W. I. Bull conducted the services at the Albany Church on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews from Bryant Pond were Sunday guests at Abel Andrews.

Leon Kimball has finished work at North Norway and came home on Saturday.

Arthur Buck from North Norway is spending a few days with Leon Kimball. Roy Wardwell is repairing some of the telephone machines, also the lines. Mrs. Hugh Little helped in the home of Fred Scribner Saturday.

Round Mt. Grange held a very interesting meeting on Saturday. At the close of the meeting refreshments of cake, doughnuts and coffee was served.

## EAST STONEHAM

The Keewauqua Club, chartered was held Saturday, February 16. It was a fine day for sports. Many came from North Norway, North Waterford and Waterford. It is hoped that all these contestants will go to North Waterford next Saturday for the "United Parish" carnival. Dinner will be served by the ladies of the Parish for the benefit of the staff fund and supper will be served by E. Stoneham Circle.

The dance at R. of P. Hall, Saturday evening was well attended. There will be another Saturday, February 23.

Many families, who have been ill with the flu, are now better.

Johanna Eise and family from South Norway were in town Sunday.

Miss Minnie Littlefield has been caring for the sick at Eric's farm the past week.

Miss Georgia Mellette will spend this week with Mrs. Sarah Brown at North Waterford. Mrs. Brown, who has been very ill is now much better.

Mrs. Carl Barker and family are visiting her parents at Norway.

A Sunday School meeting was held at Orlis Cobb's Tuesday evening.

Charlie Merrill, who works in Bridgeton visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Merrill, last Sunday.

The Norway tractor broke out the roads in this vicinity the past week.

## Fore Street, Oxford.

Miss Flora Cummings returned to her home last Saturday after being away at Leon Twitchell's two weeks. She is much improved after her sickness.

Lawrence Brown of Norway spent Sunday at E. E. Twitchell's. Mr. Brown is driving team this winter for Frank Millett of Millettville.

E. E. Twitchell, who has been attending court, has been dismissed and is again on his fruit team.

Mrs. R. E. Twitchell and Mrs. A. Twitchell attended the day of prayer held at Oxford the 15th, in behalf of the Foreign Mission. This being the World-Wide Prayer Day of this denomination.

C. Jenkins Cummings of West Paris called at Leon Twitchell's last week to see his mother, Flora Cummings who was ill with the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Clintan McKee, Mrs. Harriet Davis and Alton Ames, all of South Paris and Flora Cummings enjoyed a trip to Bridgeton, Baldwin and Cornish, Sunday.

John Twitchell, who has been with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Twitchell, several days, has returned to his home.

The teacher, Miss Paterson, who boards at W. Twitchell's, was away over the week end. Mrs. Twitchell also was away, visiting her son, Percy Twitchell and family of Norway. Her son, Harry Twitchell and family visiting her later.

Ira Harriman and household are afflicted with the prevailing flu.

Herman Thurlow, who worked for E. E. Twitchell, is ill at his home in Norway with flu.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Twitchell called on George Haskell of South Paris, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Twitchell had Sunday callers from Auburn and Welchville.

## Deferred

Rev. Frederick Banks, pastor of Adventist's Church, Auburn and Mrs. Banks were callers at Elmer and Leon Twitchell's, Wednesday.

Irwin Cummings, son of A. D. Cummings, and Miss Mae Penfold of South Paris, were married February 9. Mr. Cummings has lately had a government position offered him in Florida, whence he and his bride have started. They have the hearty good wishes of their many friends, not a few who are on this street.

Herman Thurlow of Norway again spent the week end at E. E. Twitchell's, attending church Sunday at Oxford Village.

Carroll Cummings of West Paris called on his mother, Mrs. Flora Cummings, last Sunday p. m. He was at Norway that day unloading a car load of Whip-pet Cars.

Joseph Truback of Oxford Village called on his daughter, Mrs. Leon Twitchell, Saturday last.

George Cummings of Brunswick was a recent guest at his father's, A. D. Cummings. He also attended the wedding of his brother Irwin, Sunday.

Mrs. Ellen Richards is now on the road to recovery, but at this writing still has her nurse.

Miss Bertha Glover, pastor of the Adventist Church, called on Mrs. Leon Twitchell last Tuesday. Also Mrs. Flora Cummings, who was caring for Mrs. Leon Twitchell but was taken sick last Monday and had the doctor called. She took to her bed that day and is still confined to it Feb. 14.

## WATERFORD

Hill & Marr of South Waterford have the agreement to furnish the lumber for the new Community House, to be built by H. W. Bacon of Bryant Pond at the Fall of the coming season. Frank Morgan and Fred Wentworth are cutting the lumber on land of J. R. Rounds and it will be moved at Hill & Marr's mill at South Waterford.

Mrs. Laura Millett has returned home from the Maine General Hospital at Portland, where she underwent a successful operation for appendicitis.

Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Townsend were supper guests last Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Morgan. Mrs. Jane Allen is convalescing slowly from her recent attack of grippe. All other cases are nearly well.

## WE HAVE FOR SALE

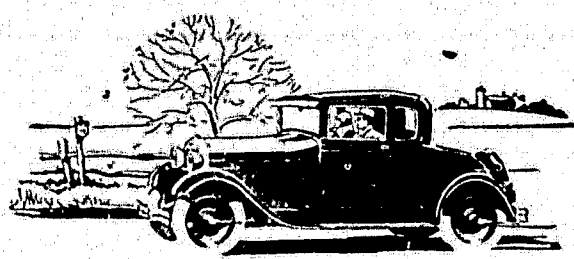
- 1, 2 ton, Graham Bros., late 1926, chassis and cab, with new tires all around.
- 1, Reo Truck, 1924.

These trucks are in good mechanical condition.

**O. K. Clifford Co., Inc.**

Tel. 307-4 Park Street SOUTH PARIS

**Fuel system of the new Ford has been designed for reliability and long service**



THE practical value of Ford simplicity of design is especially apparent in the fuel system.

The gasoline tank is built integral with the cowl and is unusually sturdy because it is made of heavy sheet steel, tene plated to prevent rust or corrosion. An additional factor of strength is the fact that it is composed of only two pieces, instead of three or four, and is electrically welded—not soldered.

Because of the location of the tank, the entire flow of gasoline is an even, natural flow—following the natural law of gravity. This is the simplest and most direct way of supplying gasoline to the carburetor without variations in pressure. The gasoline feed pipe of the new Ford is only 18 inches long and is easily accessible all the way.

The gasoline passes from the tank to the carburetor through a filter or sediment bulb mounted on the steel dash which separates the gasoline tank from the engine.

The carburetor is especially designed and has been built to deliver many thousands of miles of good service.

Since all adjustments are fixed except the needle valve and idler, there is practically nothing to get out of order.

The choke rod on the dash acts as a primer and also as a regulator of your gasoline mixture. The new hot spot manifold insures complete vaporization of the gasoline before it enters the combustion chamber of the engine.

As a matter of fact, the fuel system of the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires very little service attention.

The filter or sediment bulb should be cleaned at regular intervals and the carburetor screen removed and washed in gasoline. Occasionally the drain plug at the bottom of the carburetor should be removed and the carburetor drained for a few seconds.

Have your Ford dealer look after these important little details for you when you have the car oiled and greased. A thorough, periodic checking-up costs little, but it has a great deal to do with long life and continuously good performance.



## FORD MOTOR COMPANY

**HERRICK BROS. CO.**  
Ford Sales and Service  
Bethel, Maine

Entire Week of <b>FEB. 25</b>	<b>ACADIA</b> THEATRE Rumford, Me.	All Week Starting Monday <b>Feb. 25</b>
THE MUSICAL COMEDY HIT		
FUNNY COMEDIANS SNAPPY DANCERS UNUSUAL SINGERS PRETTY GIRLS	TOM CARROLL and his <b>Musical Revue</b> With FELIX MARTIN The Funniest French and Irish Comedian on Tour Chorus of Dancing Peaches	FEATURE PICTURES DAILY! A GREAT SHOW FOR THE MONEY
MATINEES AT 1:45 NIGHTS AT 7:00	NO MATINEE MONDAY EVERY DAY COM. TUESDAY	PRICES MATINEE—10—35c NIGHTS ALL 50c







**MASON**

Ernest M. Walker,	Pres. Ellery C. Park,	Cashier
Clarence K. Fox,	V. Pres. Fred H. Merrill,	Asst. Cashier



## ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
Dean of Men, University of Illinois

### TRAINING AND WEALTH

I have held for many years as I have watched young men grow up, go to school and then set up for themselves that training and work combined with character will take any man a long way, and will very likely result in a competence and a sense of satisfaction which does not come from other things. Men have gotten on and will continue to do so with only meager training, and success is fortunately not dependent upon money.

In a recent issue of an eastern paper I read the account of two young men, each one whom most young fellows would have considered fortunate and perhaps foolish for wanting anything more than they had. The names I give are fictitious.

One was said, at twenty-seven years of age had determined to retire from business. He had gone to work when a young boy, and by hard labor and a lucky turn of circumstances by the time he was twenty-seven years old, had amassed a significant fortune of a quarter of a million dollars. Most men would have been satisfied with this result of his efforts, but not Jones. He recognized the fact that training of the mind—education—meant quite as much as money. He realized that not being a college man handicaps one in the attainment of many ambitions. He is giving up his business; he is entering an eastern college. He is not seeking an education in order that he may the more easily make money. Jones wants to learn how to live, and he thinks very wisely that education will help him to do it.

The other item concerned a young fellow, Brown, well call him, who has lived in luxury all his life, who has been thoroughly educated, and who has fallen heir to one million of dollars. He is not contented, however, with merely being educated and rich. He wants to learn how to work, and so the story goes that he has got a job as a construction engineer at twenty dollars a week on the building which his grandfather is putting up for one of the great railroads.

Jones, having wealth and a good business developed by hard work, might have argued that these were enough and that training is superfluous. Brown, having both training and wealth, might well have concluded that hard work was not essential to his progress and enjoyment of life. They would both have been wrong.

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### SOCIETY DIRECTORY

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Ernest P. Bishop, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. B. U., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Harry Hall, W. M.; Mrs. Pearl T. Bell, Secretary.

REV. ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. C. O. Demerit, N. G.; Arthur Brick, Secretary.

SUNSET REBBEKAH LODGE, No. 44, I. O. O. F., meets in Old Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Beatrice V. Brown, N. G.; Mrs. Gertrude Boyker, Secretary.

BUDDERY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Orange Hall the first and third Tuesday of each month. Bernard Kelle, C. P.; Rebecca Melrose, K. of P.

NORTHON TEMPLE, No. 63, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Orange Hall. Mrs. Beulah Wheeler, M. P. C.; Mrs. Constance Wheeler, M. of P.

BROWN POST, No. 84, O. A. B., meets at Old Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday of each month. A. M. Bean, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. B. Bartlett, Q. M.

WOMEN, W. B. C., No. 30, meets in Old Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Alice Jordan, President; Mrs. Lillian Hubbard, Secretary.

AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles Todd, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U. EDWARDS CAMP, No. 28, U. of C. meets first Tuesday of each month in the Legion rooms. L. A. Bennett, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL CHURCH, No. 26, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. P. E. Russell, M. P.; Mrs. M. J. Russell, Secretary.

Recent Teachers' Association. Meet. 1st Monday of each month at Elementary School during school year. Mrs. F. M. Russell, Secretary; Mrs. A. M. Tibbitts.

### COURT NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

William Keller, alias Moses J. Smith, selling securities without a license. Alce Frigo, 'subordination of perjury. Frank Wedge, perjury. John P. DeGrasse, larceny. James D. Kane, manslaughter. Francis Hand, assault. Forley Faunce and Lowe Faunce, manufacturing liquor. Arthur P. Mosher and Ralph Mosher, larceny.

The traverse juries were empaneled as follows:

First Jury  
Charles Hersey, Watford, Foreman.  
H. Walter Dennison, Paris.  
Julian H. Dyer, Hartford.  
Henry W. Fox, Lovell.  
H. Stuart Gannon, Peru.  
H. E. George, Hebron.  
Harold B. Gilbert, Canton.  
Boscoe J. Littlehale, Andover.  
Jarvis W. Snyder, Mexico.  
P. H. Spencer, Liram.  
L. C. Stevens, Bethel.  
Chester Wheeler, Gilend.

Second Jury  
Raymond H. Eastman, Norway, Foreman.  
Benjamin H. Abbott, Woodstock.  
Leo Bell, Fryeburg.  
Leslie H. Flint, Norway.  
R. E. Foster, Newry.  
Ezra Keene, Buckfield.  
William E. Parlin, Paris.  
Walter Pinkham, Stow.  
Emily B. Roberts, Hanover.  
Hermann A. Skillings, Bethel.  
Elmer E. Twitcheil, Oxford.  
J. C. Winslow, Mexico.

The first case was a trover action. Evelyn L. Morey vs. Albert A. Towne. The plaintiff claimed that Towne, a deputy sheriff at the time, had wrongfully attached a Ford sedan, said to be the property of the plaintiff's husband, Melvin B. Morey. The car was seized on execution and sold at public auction. Mrs. Morey claimed to have purchased a Chevrolet and showed receipts for payments made, afterwards trading for a Ford. The defense contended that the registration was in the name of Mr. Morey. A verdict was returned for the plaintiff of \$10.60.

The next case, on Thursday, was that of Ernest W. Hutchins against Edward Perkins. This was an action for damages in a collision at the Crockett's Ridge and Norway Lake roads on June 10, 1927. The plaintiff claimed the collision occurred on his side of the road, and the defendant's willingness to settle at the time of the accident was claimed to be an admission of guilt. Damages of \$100 were claimed. The defendant contended there was contributory negligence on the part of the plaintiff in cutting the corner after he saw the approaching car, and also claimed the accident occurred on his side of the road. The big question was the location of the accident. The verdict was in favor of the defendant.

The case of the State vs. Thomas Nepon and Peter Leblanc was tried Friday forenoon. They were indicted for breaking and entering the store of Julius Frank at Rumford. They were sentenced to two to three years in State prison.

John P. DeGrasse was indicted for larceny. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the Men's Reformatory at Windham.

Forley Faunce and Lowe Faunce pleaded guilty to manufacturing liquor. They were fined \$100 each and sentenced to two months in jail.

The case of Ronald L. Cummings, charged with nuisance, was continued to May term.

Francis Hand of Rumford pleaded guilty to assault and was sentenced to three months in jail.

George H. Belmont of Bethel pleaded guilty to the charge of having a loaded gun on an automobile and having with him an outfit of light. He paid a fine of \$100.

The petition presented by Eugene H. Stevens as Mrs. Stevens' lawyer for the appointment of a legal guardian and conservator for her was held in court for a week.

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car had delayed him somewhat.

The jury deliberated nearly an hour and returned a verdict of guilty. The respondent was sentenced to from one to two years in state prison.

Arthur P. Mosher of Rumford retracted his plea of not guilty to larceny and was sentenced to six months in jail.

Ralph Mosher of Rumford retracted and pleaded guilty to larceny, and was sentenced to two months in jail.

William Sargent pleaded not guilty to a charge of rape and the case was continued, he giving bail in the sum of \$1000.

William Keller, alias Moses J. Smith, of Boston, charged with selling securities without a license, pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$100.

Alce Frigo of Rumford pleaded guilty to subordination of perjury, and the case was continued for sentence.

Frank Wedge of Rumford pleaded guilty to the charge of perjury, and his case also was continued.

Ernest Loisel of Rumford pleaded guilty to breaking, entering and larceny, and was committed to the men's reformatory. Another case against him was continued.

The case of Bronis Belakis for manufacturing was not pressed for lack of sufficient evidence, and Annie Belakis was placed on probation for a year on the charge of manufacturing.

Arthur Bennett retracted and pleaded guilty on a charge of assault. He was placed on probation for a year, with Chief John Dennis as a special probation officer.

Tony Congro pleaded guilty to larceny, and was placed on probation for a year. An indictment for breaking and entering was also continued for sentence.

Alfonse Hodgson pleaded guilty to manufacturing liquor, and the case was continued for sentence.

Mike Galush pleaded guilty to illegal possession, and the case was continued for sentence.

The trial of James D. Kane of Boston, Mass., for manslaughter as a result of the death of Omar Beauchamp last Nov. 4th was held on Saturday.

A material witness for the state was James Pierce of Boston who was riding with Kane at the time of the accident. He testified that they left Portland at 1:30 P. M. on the day of the accident and that they gave the victim and another fellow a ride four or five miles outside of Bethel and that the accident took place about five miles outside of Bethel on the Rumford road at 6:30 that evening. He stated that he asked the respondent several times if he would let him drive the car because he thought that they were going too fast. He also stated that they were traveling about sixty miles an hour when they met another car on a turn and that the lights blinded Kane so that he lost control and it overturned.

Former Sheriff Wm. O. Frothingham, Deputies William L. Frothingham and John Harrington and constable Charles L. Davis all testified that Kane told them that he was traveling about 70 miles an hour when the accident happened and that the car did not belong to him but was stolen by him in Massachusetts. Harrington testified that Kane told him that he broke the speedometer on the Newburyport turnpike while traveling 72 miles per hour.

The defense put forth the argument that Kane was not driving recklessly when they claimed was shown by the fact that it took five hours for him to go a distance of about 100 miles. The state of Kane to operate a car was shown by evidence of his having worked in garages for seven years and was very familiar with the handling of high powered cars. Kane testified that when the oncoming car saw his lights they turned on their own lights and the flash blinded him.

The jury deliberated for half an hour and returned a verdict of guilty. The respondent was sentenced to from two to three years in state prison.

Ernest Loisel pleaded not guilty to a charge of nuisance and the case was continued to the May term.

Twenty one discharges were granted as follows:

Alce M. Young from Robert M. Young, cruel and abusive treatment. Boris Johnson Wilson from Edward E. Wilson, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of minor child given to the State. Alice L. Taulice from Troy Taulice, desertion. Grace L. Blackman from Chester A. Blackman, cruel and abusive treatment. Libelle ordered to pay sum of \$1200 to libellant on or before March 4, 1929. Nellie Thorne from Charles Thorne, non support. Libelle to resume her maiden name of Nellie Thorne.

Libelle from George H. Gurney, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of minor child given to libellant. Miriam H. Bryant from Mary H. Bryant, cruel and abusive treatment. Alice and custody of minor child given to libellant. Edna Bertha French from Chester J. French, cruel and abusive treatment. Libelle to resume her maiden name of Edna Bertha French. Laura E. Hutchins from William H. Hutchins, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of minor child given to libellant. Libelle ordered to pay libellant \$100 per week.

### NORTH NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Morton were in Bethel Tuesday on business. The people in this vicinity are harvesting their ice.

The teachers in the different schools gave a Valentine Party to their pupils, Thursday afternoon.

Jeanette Bailey was a supper guest at Herbert Morton's, Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert Cole visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hanscom a few days last week.

Marguerite Quint spent the week end at her home in Portland.

Mrs. H. H. Hanscom was in Bethel last week.

There was no school Monday and Tuesday as the teachers and some of the pupils attended the Carnival at Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Learned were Sunday callers at H. H. Morton's.

Marion Learned was home from Rumford, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vail were in Bethel, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bennett were in Upton, Sunday.

Leslie Fuller and family from Upton were in town Sunday.

Marie Cook Pearson from Harold Edward Pearson, cruel and abusive treatment. Care and custody of minor children given to libellant. Helen M. Boleyn from James Boleyn, adultery. Libellant to resume maiden name of Helen M. Henderson. Clyde B. Stanton from Sadie F. Stanton, adultery.

Alice V. McLean from Harry F. McLean, cruel and abusive treatment. Roger W. Farnum from Lucy Helen Farnum, cruel and abusive treatment. Care and custody of minor child given to libellant. Margaret M. Keady from Simeon L. Keady, cruel and abusive treatment. Libellant given custody of two minor children. Dorothy M. and Warren A. Joint custody given of third minor child, Royden. Libelle ordered to pay \$1000 alimony and \$8 per week for support of children.

Marie Putnam Greenleaf from Raymond Greenleaf, cruel and abusive treatment. Libellant to resume her maiden name, Marie Putnam. Boatree A. Bullard from Harry E. Bullard, cruel and abusive treatment; libellant to resume her maiden name, Beatrice A. Daniels. Ethel M. McGrath from Gregory McGrath, cruel and abusive treatment. Libellant to resume her maiden name, Ethel M. MacDonald. Katherine Blanche Truitt from James A. Truitt, desertion. Custody of minor child given to libellant. Ola M. Stewart from William W. S. Stewart, desertion. Alma C. Ela from Webster G. Ela, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of minor child given to libellant.

### HANOVER

Miss Plummer of South Paris was in town recently in the interests of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs.

The O. A. A. played Mexico 2nd team at Mexico, Saturday evening resulting in a score of 23-21 in favor of Mexico.

Mrs. Ira Brown received the sad news of her father's death in Florida last week.

Miss Barbara Cummings entertained the first, second and third grades at her home Wednesday afternoon with a Valentine Party. Games were played and delicious refreshments were served.

Parker Russell has been ill with the prevailing epidemic and unable to attend his duties in the store.

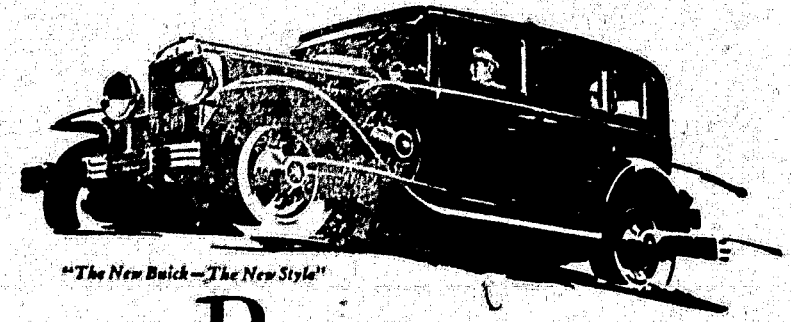
Arthur Stearns was at home from his work in the woods at Upton, over the week end.

Mrs. Emily Roberts left Monday afternoon for South Paris, where she is serving on the traverse jury at the February term of court.

Cecil Laphant is reported as gaining quite fast at the Community Hospital and hopes to be home within a week or two.

Ruby McPherson went to Dixfield, Friday, to Lawrence McPherson's, returning home Sunday.

Get behind the wheel  
and Get the facts!



"The New Buick—The New Style"

Buy your new car on a business basis--check power getaway, swiftness hill-climbing---in actual tests--that's all that's needed to prove Buick

superiority!

Buick

WITH MASTERPIECE BODIES BY FISHER

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

NORWAY BUICK CO.

NORWAY, MAINE

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

## Once There Was a Merchant

Who never paid much attention to the salesmanship of modern advertising. When he did write an advertisement, which was seldom, he said in it, John Smith Keeps Everything. Bring us your Produce.

Of course the advertisement did not bring any business. It would have been a wonder if it had. It was but natural that John Smith should come to feel that it did not pay to advertise.

One day there came to his store, a bright, young fellow seeking employment. He was given a job sweeping out and sprouting potatoes. One day while the proprietor was home with the flu, the young clerk wrote a new ad and had it inserted in the place of the old standing order which had run so long the type was well nigh worn down. The ad was filled with sound, modern salesmanship and told in an interesting and attractive way of the store's merchandise, its quality, desirableness and the price.

When John Smith read it, he almost got up out of bed and came down to the store—but his wife, who always had had more sense than he, would not let him.

The ad brought the business and the result was that the potato sprouting job was turned over to someone else and there was a new ad writer at Smith's store.

There are a lot of Smiths in business, they ride in a 1929 Ford, but their business methods are still back in 1896.

Good, well prepared advertisements filled with sound sales arguments, backed by real merchandise and modern merchandising methods are bound to bring the business to the merchant who is foresighted enough to use them.

The Oxford County Citizen



# FLASH THE LEAD DOG

By  
George Marsh



## THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With his chum, Gaspard Lacroix, half-breed, and his dog, Brock, Flash, youthful son of the Hudson Bay factor at Hungry House, is wintering in the wilderness of the Yellow-Log, trapping and hunting. Flash has disappeared with his dog team in that same country, a year before. Experienced trapper and woodsman, the complete disappearance of Lacroix and his dogs mystifies those who knew him. His son is convinced he met with foul play.

CHAPTER II.—After a narrow escape from a retrievable disaster—the loss of their canoe and provisions—the boys reach the Yellow-Log river. Flash, who is visible in the distance, excites their curiosity. Gaspard indulges in morbid thoughts concerning his lost father.

CHAPTER III.—Overestimating his strength, Brock has a serious mishap. He is saved by Flash, his lead dog, who brings Gaspard to the scene. The boys reach a country which they believe no white man has visited, and prospects for a splendid fur catch are good. They find evidence of the presence of a white man, and at once connect him with the mysterious schooner. Gaspard is convinced the presence of the vessel has some bearing on his father's fate.

CHAPTER IV.—Brock breaks Flash to harness, and the attachment between the boys and the dog becomes deeper. Flash, in fair fight, kills a timber wolf. Gaspard stumbles on the trail of a dog, which he is sure is one of his father's team. A fixed purpose takes possession of him—to learn what happened to Pierre Lacroix. Visiting his trap-line, alone, Brock is taken prisoner by a party of Cree Indians and a white man.

Before dawn, Brock left the disappointed Flash at the camp, fastened to a tree by a leg, for his wounded neck would bear no collar, while he started to look for caribou. As the eastern sky grayed then turned to a bitter blue, Brock, with his hood over his face, shivered in a clump of scrub spruce on the edge of a muskeg that reached away into the shadow. Here, at dawn, the caribou, if there were any in the vicinity, would come to dig the snow with their round-tipped hoofs from the white reindeer moss which grows on the barrens of the north. Starting slowly from the forest at his right, Brock's eyes swept the barren, in the dim light he could see but a few hundred yards into the snowy plain, but caribou have poor eyes and if they were there, he knew he could boldly stalk them up-wind, while later, after sunrise, it would be more difficult.

Brock waited until the sun lifted to turn the expanse of snow before him into a shimmering plain of fire. It was no use; there were no deer within sight. After breakfast he would make a wide circle and follow the freshest tracks he could find, for he had resolved not to leave Flash and go back to the main camp for grub.

When he had hunted and skinned out the fur which he had brought in the night before, he talked to his dog in a useless attempt to soothe him in his disappointment at being tied up in camp when Brock took the trail.

He spent another day on the trail of the caribou, but, although he saw a trail crossing the barrens at a great distance and followed it some twenty miles, he never came up with them. He was approaching his camp and wondering if Flash had broken loose by gnawing his wire leash, when he was surprised by a chorus of yelps.

"Hello, there! Got worried, did you?" he called to his partner.

The dogs of the team, wired to separate trees, joined Flash in a vociferous welcome.

"Hello, Kona, Yellow-Eye, Shu-Lear, old socks! How're the pups?" Then not seeing a fire in the hole in the snow and receiving no answer from Gaspard, he knew that his partner had arrived early and was off on a hunt of his own. Brock built up the fire and started a good supper with the beans and caribou steak which he found on Gaspard's sled. As the early dusk filled the spruce with purple

shadows, the sleeping dogs waked to the creak of snow-shoes on the dry November snow.

"Well, you old villain!" cried Brock, as Gaspard appeared, doubled under the tenderness and haunches of a yearling caribou. "I hunted for two days and didn't get a shot, and you go out and get one in an hour!"

Gaspard dipped his heavy load into the snow—later to be strung up on the reach of the dogs. "Wal," he said with a grin, "what you do poor Flash?"

Brock described the fight with the wolf.

"So dat pup kill de old wolf, eh? Eet tak' good dog to do dat. When you not come home one sleep back, I tink you hurt, mebbe."

"I knew you would show up looking for me," replied Brock, his eyes lighting with affection for his partner, "but Flash was too sore to travel, and I was afraid of wolves finding him here or I would have come back for grub."

Eating a hearty supper, the boys sat by the hot fire of birch while Gaspard smoked a pipe of company nigger-head. After a silence, the half-breed blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth and said: "I see ver strange thing one sleep back. I cross trail of two wolf."

"What was strange in that?" queried Brock.

"One wolf had onlee tree toe on left hind foot."

"Caught in trap, sometime, but whose trap?" Brock was interested.

"Dat wolf was a dog," announced the other, quietly.

"A dog? What makes you think so, Gaspard?"

"Because my fader had a dog who mak' a track lak dat—wid her left hind foot."

"Your father"—Brock gazed intently into the somber features of his friend. "You say your father had a dog shy a toe? Gee, that's strange! But how could she be traveling with a wolf? The wolves would kill her, of course," he demurred.

"No, I have hear of such thing."

"You mean she might have mated with a wolf?"

"Ah-hah!"

"And you're sure it was her track?"

"I would know any way."

Brock thrilled at the possibilities of the situation. A dog of the lost Pierre Lacroix—alive in the headwater country! "Then your father must have been right here—last winter!" he said, excitedly.

Slowly the half-breed rose and dropping his mitten on the chair which held it to the neck of his caribou-skin capote, drew his slanting knife from his gash. Dramatically thrusting the hand gripping the knife above his head, he spoke, as it taking an oath, while the younger youth sat wide-eyed:

"Let these men are een dis country, before de snow fade een April, I weel mak dem tell me how he died."

The fixed purpose, the bitter hatred, in the face of his friend as the fire light shined his knotted features, told Brock that Gaspard had made up his mind. He knew that Gaspard would never start on the trail home without taking his friend as to the fate of his father. It certainly looked like an evening's wait if these people were north of the big lake. It would be that Gaspard and Brock might also would leave their homes in the Yellow-Log country. In volunary Brock answered at the glowing thought.

"But how are you going to make them tell?" demanded Brock.

For a long space Gaspard's half-breed face stared into the fire. Then he said: "Let I find one alone, hee's tak' me, dere are way to mak him talk." And he again drew his shining knife, and suggestively ran a cat's paw thumb along its edge.

A few days later, Gaspard and Brock, leaving their dogs wired to trees at camp to avoid their yelping, started on a two days' scout through the country to the north of the big lake. Obsessed by the discovery of the dog tracks in the snow, the memory of his father gave Gaspard no rest. And, moreover, for their own safety it was necessary to learn if the men who had made the tracks on the lake shores were still in the country.

Circling the upper end of the lake ten miles to the west, for they had no intention of leaving a trail across the white level which could be detected from the ridges to the north, Gaspard and Brock traveled through the back country. But that night as they dug a fire hole in the heart of a spruce swamp and coasted their caribou steak they were in frank disagreement.

"I don't think there's a soul within a hundred miles to the north of us," argued the skeptical Brock. "We must have made forty miles today and we haven't seen a shoe track."

"Dey are er de lower lak' or the rivers," granted the stubborn Gaspard. "We find dem tomorrow."

Brock looked hard at his friend. "You really believe they are in the country?"

Gaspard nodded.

"Why?"

"From dat high ridge back dere, today, I see smoke."

"Oh, you mean that haze?" Brock. "McCa's heart beat faster. What he had imagined away that afternoon as the imagination of his friend, now, as they sat walling in by the gloom of the spruce, seemed more worthy of belief as something other than haze."

"Of course, it could have been smoke, but it looked like haze to me," he compromised.

The small eyes of Lacroix glittered. "Eet was smoke."

As he wound his platted rabbit-skin robes around him under the brush roof they had built across the sleep-hole to hold the heat of the fire, Brock wondered what the next day would bring forth. If Gaspard proved to be right and they met some of these hunters, what would happen? Would they attack them on sight or attempt to drive them from the country by threats? Or would they appear friendly, only to trick them later to their camp and deal with them as they must have dealt with the missing Pierre Lacroix?

For the first time since leaving Hungry House, Brock felt a touch of homesickness—a desire to see his father and mother and the children in the little fur post at the mouth of the Starving. Two hundred lonely white miles to the south. And if anything should happen to him and Gaspard, at the post they would never know until June, when the canoe they waited for failed to return.

But the feeling of isolation, the momentary desire to see the faces of these he loved, soon left the boy who had inherited from a line of hardy, adventurous forebears a superb body and a fighting spirit. From Kaplakun to Starving river there were no better game shots than Gaspard and himself. If these strange hunters should attempt openly to drive the partners from Starving river out of the country, they had a surprise awaiting them.

In the morning the two scouts worked over the ridges to the eastward, with the purpose of crossing the outlet of the great lake and so returning to their home camp. By noon, they had put many miles of forest and barren behind them without crossing a trail.

"Gaspard, I don't believe they're in this—what in thunder do you see?" suddenly demanded Brock, as his friend stopped in his tracks, his narrowed eyes fixed on a small black pine.

Pointing with mittened hand at the tree, Gaspard quietly said: "Ax work. De trail was snowed under."

"If you're sure," agreed the surprised Brock, standing to the pine and inspecting the snow in the trunk.

"Not many weeks old either."

"Now, what you say?" grimly demanded the half-breed.

Brock shook his head. The pine was on him. "You're right as usual," he admitted with a puzzled smile. "They're here, these people, but they don't seem to hunt near the lake."

Shortly the scouts reached the edge of a white barren and in order to learn whether anyone had entered to share the last fall of Brock, agreed to separate, and, following the wind, to meet on the farther side.

Putting the chain case of his rifle into his shoulder pack, Brock pushed a shell from the magazine into the barrel of the rifle, concealed it in his shirt on his belt, and started. The winter on the Yellow-Log was

growing exciting. What if he walked into a couple of these strange Indians? What would he do?

Well, he decided, as he crunched along on his snowshoes over snow dry as sand, the bows crossing each other with a click audible for a hundred yards in the stinging air, he would halt them in Cree, and wait for their next move. But he'd have his right mitten off and his gun cocked!

After a few miles, the thrill in the possibility of meeting the strangers, or of finding their trail, wore off. Gaspard was prejudiced by the death of his father. Because the elder Lacroix had come to grief somewhere in this country, and there were now people wintering to the north, he took it for granted that they had a hand in his disappearance. But it was only a guess—just a guess. Yes, thought Brock, as he gripped his gun in a young spruce and knelt on a snow-slice to tighten a loose heel thong, he and Gaspard would probably never so much as see these strange-

At the sudden click of snowshoes in his rear, Brock turned his head as a heavy body catapulted into his back, landing him face down in the soft snow. Through his startled brain flashed the thought of Pierre Lacroix, as, gasping for breath, he thrashed desperately with arms and legs, manacled to his snowshoes, to break the grip which held him from the rear.

Half-buried in the snow, with no purchase of solid ground beneath him, he was floundered, straining for a grip on the unseen foe on his back, through Brock's dazed brain flashed the realization that his assailant had not knifed him as he leaped—that he was trying to take him alive. Then the blood of the fighting Lacroix

Then the blood of the fighting Lacroix surged through the veins of the Desperate Boy.

surged through the veins of the desperate boy. No Cree would take him a McCa's, in a hand-to-hand fight! His groping right hand found the fingers which gripped his belt. Closing on the wrist above them, like the snap of a wolf trap, with a fierce thrust he straightened his thick arm.

"Mak'ay!" The cry of pain hissed into Brock's ear as he pulled him on. With a wrench at the wrist he held, he broke the grip on his belt, and with a twist of his body, turned, to catch from the tail of his eye, the swart face of an Indian, gray with pain.

Then, facing his enemy, as they thrashed in the snow, the superb strength of the boy was unleashed. With his legs gripping the other's, the Cree strained to bury his teeth in the corded neck, exposed by Brock's torn armpit. But the lightning rage of the

furious youth, confident in his strength, would not be denied. Slowly he forced the writhing Indian beneath him, then reached grimly for the knife at his waist at his back—but the steel was empty.

Lifting his head as the Cree's left hand dropped to the ground for his throat, Brock drew a smothering uppercut into the face of the man beneath him. Again the Cree's head snapped into the exposed neck, with a shiver the Indian lay in the snow. Then, as the joy of a single rapier thrust through him and his heart beat high, he heard the Cree's gasping:

"All right, Gaspard!" cried Brock, sitting up. "You've jumped me from behind, but I got you!" Then the heart of the desperate boy suddenly faltered. He snatched at his belt, but found two stinging strangers an Indian and a white man.

"Get back!" roared the latter, as he elbowed Brock to the body of the unconscious Cree to the rear, while the Indian ran straight at the surprised boy, panting, for his next exertion.

his startled blue eyes watching his new enemies as he backed away from the cowering white man. If only Flash and Yellow-Eye were with him now! Brock threw a wistful glance at his rifle. It was out of reach. He kept edging away, his fists clenched, but with a rush, the Cree closed in, to meet a smashing swing which bowled him into the snow. Then the white man reached Brock from the side.

Blocking the blow aimed at his face, Brock hooked fiercely into the jaw of the other as they clinched and rolled in the snow.

Then the son of Andrew McCain proved the stuff of which he was made. Fighting like a demon, Brock blocked with chin jambed on chin, the fingers straining for a grip on his throat, while he wrenched an arm free to drive his fist into the other's jaw. Strong as he was, the bearded stranger could not reach the mad, donkey boy's thick throat, nor turn him on his back.

Again, over the other's shoulder, Brock's hand that hooked into the jaw; once more the fist crashed. Brock felt the grip of his foe's arms weaken, and, with a supreme effort, tore himself free. Again his elbow lifted, but the same instant two knees drove into his back, while the horn handle of a knife smashed into his head.

Twice, three times the Cree hammered the head of the defenseless lad. The knotted face of the man in Brock's arms, blurred the snow went black; then all consciousness faded.

CHAPTER V

The Patrol of the Gray Owl.

Brock opened dazed and puzzled eyes to find himself lying on the snow where he had been knocked unconscious by the knife-handle of the Cree. With throbbing head and brain still dull from the blows of the knife handle, he drew himself to a sitting position.

"He's up now," said the "white man, in Cree, then turned to the boy.

"You're lucky, my young fighter! cock, to come to us you did! Louis, here, wanted to put a knife into you. You sure slugged him for fair. Now shake yourself together! We got 'em make camp."

Slowly Brock's confused head cleared. Yes, he recalled, he was tightening a heel thong, when he jumped him. He got the first, then the others piled on, his arm from behind on the head. The boy got to his feet and raised his hand to his swollen head. The fingers were without feeling!

Like the shock of ice water the realization of what that meant spurred Brock's numbing brain. His fingers were freezing! Grappling in the snow where he had fought, he found his mittens.

"Come on now, son!" rasped the white man as the Indian started. "You behave or I'll bore you!" Walk off lively now, it's late."

Brock was too dazed to answer. He rubbed his hands vigorously with snow, then slowly bringing back the blood by putting them inside his shirt beneath his armpits, Brock followed the Cree, one of whom carried his rifle, while the white man brought up the rear.

As the exertion of snowshoeing in the keen air started the circulation in his numbed limbs, the clinging brain of the boy began to busy itself with the situation. Poor Gaspard! He would never know why his partner had not met him at the far side of the barrens. He would wait there, faithful old Gaspard, anxious, waiting.

As usual, Gaspard had been right. It was snowed out here, they had seen smoke from the fire of these people. There was one consolation to it. Brock wanted to take him alive. It was a long way to Starving river. Brock had been told that the Cree were a bad lot. And now they were here, and what would they do to him? When they made camp, the white man would show his hand. Brock would wait and see. He had not come to the Yellow-Log to be killed. He would wait and see.

man began his examination of the prisoner.

"So you and your partner thought you'd hunt the Yellow-Log this winter?"

"Yes," replied Brock, looking the older man squarely in the eye. "It's free country; and I ask you what you mean by jumping me this way, and what you think you're going to do with me?"

The bearded man laughed as he exhaled a cloud of smoke. "My boy," he said, "this ain't free country. It belongs to me and my partners—we were here first. And you Hudson's Bay people have got to keep out—or take the consequences."

"Who are you and your partners?" fiercely demanded Brock. "And when did you become the law in this country?"

The other smiled good-naturedly at the spirit of his prisoner. He seemed to hear no ill will toward Brock, but the boy remembered Pierre Lacroix. "That's tellin'. Who are you and yours?"

Here the introduction and Scotch shrewdness. Brock gave him an inspiration. "I'm not afraid to tell you," he said earnestly, "that one of my partners is Etienne Lacroix of Port Albany. Ever hear of him?"

At the name of the famous Etienne Lacroix, the white man gave an involuntary start, his eyes widened in surprise, he repeated the name three times to himself.

"Another is Black Jack Desaulles—ever heard of him?" The faces of his auditors, for the curious Cree had joined their chief at the fire, flicked Brock with inward delight. They had indeed heard of the chief of the Albany River patrol of the professional police—dead shot and savvy from God's lake to Rupert House as a name without fear. Brock had certainly thrown a bomb into the camp of his captors from the grave look they exchanged.

The older man puffed for a space on his pipe, evidently digesting the startling information that two of the ablest and most feared men in the Hudson's Bay country were wintering on the Yellow-Log—Etienne Lacroix, uncle of Gaspard, and head man at Port Albany, and the famous "Black Jack" Desaulles; and that being so, were there for but one purpose—the solution of the mysterious disappearance of Pierre Lacroix. As Brock secretly revelled in the discovery of his captors, he wondered if he had helped rather than injured his own chances.

He was silent as the camp prepared for the night. He had his own blanket in his pack, and, when they had tied him up with rawhide, so he could not move easily without disturbing the Indians who lay on either side on the spruce boughs near the fire, he was wrapped in the robe.

Continued Next Week.

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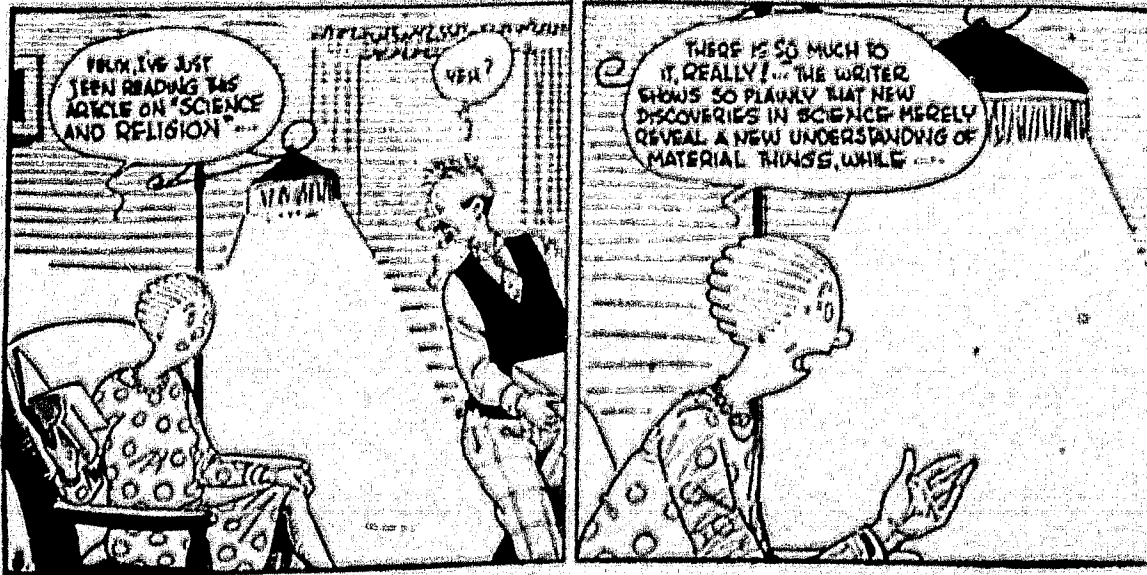
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